

RESTORATION



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Yukon All-Year Mission Country

By Mamie Legris

Many readers of Restoration have questions to ask about the Yukon. They think of it as being a vast, frigid land with igloos, teepees, trappers, an abundance of wild animals, mountains of snow, darkness all winter and sunshine all summer. I dare say that much of Yukon's 207,000 square miles has several of these characteristics. But the traveller will find small villages, a few towns, and the city of Whitehorse if he visits this part of Canada.

Not One Horse Town

Whitehorse, the capital of the Territory since 1951, is at Mile 918 on the Alaskan Highway. It has no sub-way or street cars but boasts of practically all the services and facilities of a modern city — churches, schools, hospitals, banks, hotels, theatres, a museum, and modern stores such as you would find in any other city. The streets are wide and unpaved. In some parts there are sewers and running water.

There is electricity. The stores are stocked with just about everything you require. Oh, you can't always buy fresh fruits and vegetables—but there are frozen and canned foods available. Since everything has to be hauled great distances by transport, plane, boat or train, it is not surprising everything is expensive.

There is The White Pass and Yukon Railway—which follows The Trail of '98, and functions during the entire year connecting with ocean steamers at Skagway, Alaska. This train usually has one or two small coaches, but a tremendous amount of freight is carried on it.

A Busy Railroad

All the gasoline and petroleum products necessary for the Royal Canadian Air Force, Commercial Aviation Companies, and Territorial Commercial use is brought by tanker ships to Skagway. The railroad forwards it to Whitehorse in many tank cars.

Most of the food is shipped by boat and train—and although the distance from Skagway to Whitehorse is only one hundred and ten miles, it is an eight-hour trip. As the train leaves Skagway there is a climb of close to three thousand feet in twenty miles; so you can see the need for powerful diesel engines. In addition to this one train, much freight is brought in by vans, refrigerator trucks, huge transports and planes.

There is transportation to the "Outside" by Canadian Pacific Airlines, Pan American World Airways, and by bus via The Alaskan Highway. Prompt telephone connections may be made to any place in Canada or the States that has long distance service. There are more kinds of recreation than you would ever have time to

participate in. So you see Whitehorse isn't like Chicago or Montreal but it is a typical frontier city, one that has had a very interesting historical past and whose future is one of great promise.

Busy Soul Hunters

As the material outlook of "The North" is one of prosperity, so the spiritual side is one of hope and encouragement, due mainly to the unceasing efforts of the Missionaries and Sisters who work in this part of the Lord's vineyard.

Just recently we had a visit from Father D. Buliard, an Oblate in charge of the mission at Old Crow, inside the Arctic Circle. There are two priests there and one Catholic parishioner, the Mounted Police for that district.

Of course, the priests built their church and rectory and even cut the logs for the building. (Some of you may have seen a picture of it in an edition of The Catholic Register last August when Father was soliciting financial assistance for his mission.)

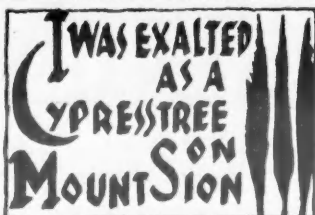
I'm quite sure their furniture is home-made too—as it is both difficult and expensive to send anything to that far away place. But, of course the priests are not content to stay at home and enjoy whatever bit of comfort St. John's Mission affords them. They are ever on the move to meet the natives, both Indian and Eskimo, who live in that vast wilderness.

Ocean-going Dogs

Fr. Buliard is making a trip by dog-team to Herschel Island in the Arctic Ocean this month to visit an Eskimo family, the only Catholics on the Island. Last year at Easter, Fr. Plaine, pastor at Old Crow, offered the first Mass on the Island. So the missionaries in the northern part of the Vicariate are doing their share.

At Dawson, the former capital of The Yukon, the Sisters of St. Anne are in charge of the parochial school and St. Mary's Hospital and Home for the aged. The Sisters and Brothers are contributing a great deal to the missions. In charge of the Bishop's House are two Little Missionary Sisters of St. Joseph—Mother Henri, who we love.

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The Works Of God!

Twenty-five thousand dollars. We need at least that much this year, to build, to enlarge, to do God's work and spread His word. An immense sum? Yes indeed. Yet not if one sees what it will do for the Kingdom of God on earth. The money is needed . . .

To enlarge our kitchen, which will enable us to accept and teach many people in our Summer School whom now we have to refuse for lack of accommodations, people who want to know God better that they may better love and serve Him . . . and . . .

To erect a building for our Male Staff Workers . . . The men who are so needed here and everywhere . . . and . . .

To enlarge St. Martha's, which today contains the dormitory for the Feminine Staff Workers, the Clothing Center, and our Offices. We must have more office space and a large room to serve as a Class Room and Library for the training of our staff, . . . young men and women like those already working for Christ, in the loneliness of the Canadian Arctic and in the turmoil of Edmonton, Alberta, the oil boom town. They are tending to the needs of Indians and of transients—the sick, the homeless, the ignorant, the hungry, the wretched of all kinds. Other dioceses are waiting for the workers now training in Madonna House.

God sends us dedicated youth. They stand ready to give their lives to the Apostolate. Bishops are asking for them. But lack of space and lack of funds stops the works of God. YOU CAN START THEM.

As St. John Bosco once put it, "The Works of God are in your pocket books or pockets."

The weapons of the Spirit are the only weapons that can conquer Communism and drive it off the earth. Twenty-five thousand dollars will help equip Catholic young men and women with these weapons.

WE PLACE OUR NEEDS IN THE HANDS OF THE LITTLE INFANT OF PRAGUE, HIS MOTHER MARY, AND HIS FOSTER FATHER, ST. JOSEPH. MAY THEY OPEN THE HEARTS AND HANDS—AND WALLETS—OF ALL WHO DESIRE THE PEACE OF CHRIST TO COME BACK TO THIS EARTH!

Archbishop's Blessing Starts Marian Center

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Two thousand miles from home is quite a distance, even in this day of quick travel. Two thousand miles, and two months away. And when one seems no farther advanced, than upon her arrival, in establishing a new branch of the Madonna House Apostolate, it is difficult to write an article about it. Yet, looking back, the tale becomes an exciting one.

First, there is the matter of stepping off the train in Edmonton, alone and not knowing a soul—knowing only the address of the Precious Blood Monastery where Reverend Mother had graciously offered me a home. A sort of lost feeling overcame me, but there was also a slight tingle of adventure as I went through the station gates. Then came the first happy surprise. Ruth Nuss, who was at our Summer School at Madonna House last year, and Gerry Blais, leader of the Young Christian Workers, were on hand as a welcoming committee. After treating me to coffee they found a taxi for me and sent me on my way to the Monastery.

Warm at 12 Below

Fr. E. Briere who was later appointed by His Excellency, Archbishop J. H. MacDonald, as the Chaplain of Marian Center, met the taxi, and soon I was seated at a sumptuous breakfast of bacon, eggs, toast, marmalade and hot coffee. By that time I had lost that lost feeling. Although the thermometer registered twelve below zero, there was warmth in my heart.

Later that morning I had an interview with the archbishop. He gave me his blessing, offered advice and allowed us the tremendous grace of having a chapel in Marian Center.

Before the week was out, a meeting of all the pastors in the city was held, at

which I explained our work and aims. My gratitude overflowed as they individually expressed their approval of our efforts to help in whatever capacity they could.

Early in the next week a meeting was held with city and provincial officials, who also expressed their approval of our establishing Marian Center here. One of the pastors, who intends building a new rectory, offered me his present house if I could make arrangements to move it. Don't laugh my friends, people do move houses nowadays. After seeing the house which is most ideally divided to suit our needs, I set about looking for a lot on which to place it.

Works of Mercy

It was decided that the most urgent problem in Edmonton is the feeding and housing of transients. Edmonton is a boom city, and men are coming here from all parts of Canada looking for work. Usually by the time they have arrived they are hungry and broke. There are many more looking for work than there are available jobs. Many are hungry, shelterless, and in rags. Our work, to begin with, is to feed and clothe as many as we can through the charitable donations of food and clothing.

The Catholic Women's League has offered to help furnish the house. The Young Christian Workers

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Give
and it
shall be
given to
you

+
Luke 6:38

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

EASTER . . . The Feast of Feasts. The end of exile. The joy of joys. The return home. The kingdom of light and love, opening its doors wide again to man, against whom it was closed so long!

EASTER . . . The banquet of love offered to all who hunger and thirst. The banquet of the Holy Pauper become King again!

EASTER . . . The season of Alleluias. Those slender and marvelously wrought bridges of sound—which span from the hearts of man only when joy has robbed him of all other words—rise high, reach into the very heart of God, and rest there anchored with the soft silken cords of gratitude and inexpressible love.

EASTER . . . The final conquest of death, that now lies spent and stingless at the wide open Gates of Paradise and Life Everlasting, the kingdom of ransomed souls, of servants become children and heirs.

EASTER . . . Mary's infinite song of gladness and ours. For she became our Mother and we Her children, in the darkness of the Hill of the Skull . . . and now we belong to each other forever and ever, unto the end of time.

EASTER . . . Feast of Power and Love . . . Mystery incomprehensible. Joy unending. Perfect. Complete. Light banishing darkness forever. Hope of the hopeless. Strength of the weak and tired. Grace to all men. Feast encompassing all others. Green hill of the Lord, which all who love can scale, to follow Him. His Kingdom beginning on earth and continuing into eternity. Ours for the getting . . . **IF** we too love as He did.

Let us enter into its joy. Let us taste of its powers. Let us be filled with its hope. Let us open our hearts to its overpowering love, make its blinding light our own and taking Mary's hand trustfully, enter the empty tomb and try to penetrate its glorious warm mystery. Let us live so that death to us too — will be our **EASTER**.

As years march on, going where years must go, let each of them be for us a better participation in the feast of **EASTER**, so that at the end of our days we may reflect some of its glory, for all to see.

Long is the way. Cruciform. Filled with the shadows of death. Good death. Death to self. How to walk the narrow road? How to scale the steep paths to the **EASTER** hills of the Lord? Through the Liturgy of His Bride, the Church.

Step by step, she, the Lovely and Beloved One, will give us food on the way, shade to rest in, the best wine of His cellar to drink. And one day she will lead us into His arms.

MY BELOVED TO ME . . . AND I TO HIM.
Then shall my end be my beginning!

EASTER . . . the feast of new clothing. The clothing of the soul of man in the bridal garments of love. But only souls who have spent their lives in the School of Love will receive them.

Let us then begin to learn how to love Him who died for love of us.

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

In Havana, Cuba, recently, I encountered two brothers of mine whom I had never met before. Of course I had known they were in the family; but I had never even written them. It was a great pleasure to meet each one.

It came about in this way. A wonderful friend in New York decided that what I needed most was not a new and uninfarcted heart, but a dose of Florida sunshine and sea-breeze and indolence and tan. And, said he, should I permit him to pay all expenses on the trip, he would try out his idea. My doctors and nurses were not averse to my seeing what Florida could do — but they wondered, perhaps, what it would cost to ship the body back if anything went wrong.

Boy! Did I Work!

Nothing went wrong. We had a wonderful time, though I, with my usual energy, worked a little too hard, perhaps, at such multiple tasks as watching the ocean and the sea birds and the men bathers—I suppose there were women bathers too, but I am a married man—keeping the sun out of my face and neck; seeing which restaurants served the best lobsters; giving off-hand judgments about various moving picture shows; making decisions as to the value of orange and pineapple juice mixed, as against, say, coconut and pineapple; and other similar chores. Now and then I had to accompany my friend to the palaces of some of his intimates, and pass judgment on such things as caviar, champagne, Canadian Scotch, and the proper reception of guests on yachting trips. Not that I minded—but it did take up one's time.

Then we decided to go to Havana, for a rest; to stop at the best hotel there and spend most of our time in and around the pool. That, of course, called for the expending of enough energy to get into and out of bathing trunks and bath robes, to rub oneself with various sun-proof oils, and even to slip — now and then — into the almost warm water in the pool.

Always Some New Job

Occasionally, though, one had to go to the trouble of summoning a waiter to come to the edge of the pool with — let us say — a nice old-fashioned lemonade.

Into this strenuous atmosphere there trickled the recollection that I had two brothers in Havana, and was doing little if anything to find them. I tried to send them each a telegram — so they would come to me. But the federal government, for reasons of its own, doesn't permit you to wire anybody in Havana — not if you are already in Havana. So I had to further exert myself with pen and ink, and then procure postage stamps! An exhausting occupation!

In a few days, I met the first brother. He was a Russian who had lived in Belgium most of his life and was now a citizen of Cuba. He is my wife Catherine's brother, Andrew Kolyschne. He is a teacher of Judo. And there are many nice things I could say about him; but one will do.

Helping The Blind

He has perhaps a hundred students; but what he loves

best is to teach the young men in a home for the blind. One of his students is a Negro. And he was such an adept at Judo I was thrilled. (I love all these muscular exercises — watching them, I mean.)

One of the superintendents in the home made this comment. "That Negro boy had two strikes at least on him before your brother took over. He was blind, and he was a Negro. He couldn't seem to do anything, learn anything. He seemed to have no interest, no heart, in anything. He had no confidence, certainly. He had no am-



PEACE BE TO YOU ALLELUIA

bitions. He had no hopes. Look at him now. He's as good as any man, black or white; and he's as good as any man with eyes. He has gained strength of body, and that's given him confidence and hope. He can now do anything he sets out to do. Let me say he is a different man — thanks to your brother."

I let him say it, of course. And I was glad to hear it. I liked Andrew; and I liked the fact that he was like his sister, eager to help everybody around, especially the helpless.

My Italian Brother

Then, on the last day of our stay, I met my other brother. He is an Italian, an Augustinian priest, and he has been in Havana 18 years. How then, you ask, is he my brother? Well, it's a long story and I wish it were longer.

My mother and some of her family were travelling from Florence to Rome one sunny day years ago in a train. And they were talking animatedly when the little Italian priest bore down on them scowling. "Don't you know," he demanded, "that on an Italian train you are required to speak Italian, not English?" Mother almost hugged him, his English was so perfect, and his attitude so — well, so Doherty!

He became one of the family then and there. He showed his new friends the city of Rome as few pilgrims have seen it. He secured them an audience with the Holy Father, and he obtained, for mother, a precious relic — a thread or two from the mantle of the Blessed Virgin Mary! When he was sent to the United States, and before he left for Cuba, he visited our home in Chicago several times. And it was there that mother "adopted him."

A Champion Beggar

I was glad to meet this brother too; and to know (Continued on Page Four)

The B's Corner

The train was swaying and shaking with its own speed while I was trying to assimilate the fact that I was on my way to Rome — Rome the city of my dreams! Rome, the home of the Popes, to whom from babyhood I had such a great devotion!

There would be even the possibility that I might catch a glimpse of the Holy Father from afar. I didn't dream of the glorious privilege that was to be mine, of having a private audience with him.

Only Twenty-one Years

The assimilation was hard. Thoughts alarming and disquieting raced through my brain. There would be so many important people, so many great lay apostles, whose names were by-words the world over! What would I be doing in their midst? Nothing. But then, if I had little to contribute, they had much. So perhaps I could sit at their feet and learn. But would they have time to pay attention to me, as yet a neophyte of only twenty-one years in the apostolate?

Tired of my own thoughts, my own company, I stepped into the corridor that is part of any European train, to stretch by legs and get some fresh air. There, leaning against an open window, stood a woman. Short. On the stout side. With graying hair, healthy and strong as she was herself. There was sturdiness, surety, and a great peace in that figure. Repose too. I wondered who she might be, and asked if I might share the window with her.

The Road to Rome

At the sound of my voice she looked up. Her eyes were like her figure. Sturdy. Sure. Peaceful. They were also penetrating. They had, besides, a strange elusive quality that I could not fathom at once. They seemed alive, interested kind. They took one, as it were, into their friendliness. We began to talk. Soon I was telling her I was on my way to the Congress of Lay Apostles in Rome.

At these words she took my hand and shook it, as if it were the hand of a well-beloved friend she had just found. And volubly and joyously she started to guide me toward another compartment, from which laughter and voices had been reaching me for a while. She opened the door and announced, as if it was ever so important, that she had found "another congressman."

Hands reached toward me from all sides. Smiles welcomed me into an inner circle. Voices with many accents bade me to sit here . . . to have a cup of coffee someone was pouring from a thermos . . . to take a piece of this delicious cake. But my new-found friend held on to me, and established me on the beachhead of the best window seat. She brought forth napkins and served me food as graciously as if I were royalty.

Its Foundress Too

Finally I managed to explain who I was and where I came from. It was then she told me she was Mlle Yvonne Poncelet, connected with the Lay Missionary Auxiliaries. Later, much later, I found that she was its foundress too. She was so (Continued on Page Three)

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

There is a warm, cozy quiet in Madonna House, and all around it, that seems to belong both to Lent and Easter. It is the quiet of a life of prayer, study, and preparation. For it still is study time at Our Lady's House, and also retreat time. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of Holy Week will be retreat days for all Staff Workers. On Holy Thursday many will renew their promises of stability. Others, will make their promises for the first time. A great and holy day for all of us in the Apostolate!

Nature too seems to be waiting . . . for Spring . . . for new life to come forth. The snow is still all around us. But the blue river that passes our door is free of ice.

Here Comes Spring!

There is a new warmth in the sun. The hens scratch the soft snow more purposefully, as if they really expected a worm under it any minute. The wild birds fly around and around surveying the best nest locations perhaps, before the arrival of their southern rivals. Every so often the familiar thud of a big chunk of snow falling off a steep roof is heard, breaking the hushed waiting silence. Spring is indeed nigh.

But perhaps we of Madonna House know that Spring is around the corner — because of smells. The sweet, pungent, appetizing smells that come from the kitchen. They fill the house with anticipation of Easter feasts and joy.

There will be THE KOOLITCH. A truly magnificent Russian Yeast Cake, or should we call it an extra deluxe Coffee Cake? Want to know what it takes to make a KOOLITCH?

Listen Carefully!

- 30 egg yolks beaten white with 10 lbs of sugar.
- 30 egg whites whipped into peaks like little nice white hills.
- 6 lbs of butter (margarine will do) softened until it looks like yellow golden molasses.
- 4 lbs of raisins, washed clean.
- 2 lbs of currants, soft.
- 1 lb of assorted peels.
- 1 lb of green/red cake cherries, cut fine.
- 1 lb of finely crushed nuts.
- 6-8 fast rising yeast powders.
- Rich, warm (not hot) milk 6-9 quarts.
- Best bread flour. Enough to make soft, good dough.

Let yeast rise separately following directions on its envelope. Have milk warm and ready in BIG bread mixing pan. Add all above mentioned ingredients. Then pour in flour. Slowly. Knead. Add more flour. Knead. Until the dough is soft, malleable. Enough flour now. Knead. Pray. Knead. Pray. Keep this up until the dough easily gets off your tired hands. Set to rise. When well risen, cut into loaves. Be sure all your bread pans are well oiled. Be also sure to have two big tin pans as high as your oven will take. We use anything and everything. Best are candy tins used by grocers for 5 and 10 lb candies (hard). But peanut butter pails or honey ones, will do. Bake until koolitch is thoroughly baked. Somewhere between an hour and a half and two and a half, depending on size, will do it. Cool. Ice, with first thin icing. Then thick. Decorate with letters P.X.

For this sweet and delicious bread is a symbol of Christ . . . THE BREAD OF LIFE.

But That Ain't All!

Now make the PASCHA:

- 10 lbs of cottage cheese.
- 4 lbs of sugar.
- 2 lbs of raisins.
- 2 lbs of REAL butter.

Whip or mix until soft and smooth. Take clean flower pots, medium size. Line with cheese cloth. Leave good length of same to cover. Place pots some place where they can drain the whey from the cheese. Put weights on folded cheese cloth. Easter morning when the whole batch is nicely pressed, turn on to your best cake plate. Make a P.X. again with nuts and raisins. Serve. This is the symbol of the Lamb . . . Our Lord.

Don't forget eggs. We make many dozens of colored eggs to eat and give away to children. They are the symbol of Life everlasting.

Now set the table, and on Saturday of Holy Week invite the priest to bless your symbolic food. It will taste a thousand times better. Then feast happily in the breaking of the bread.

Yes. Come to think of it. We feel sure it is the Madonna House kitchen smells that tell us Spring is near.

A Very Quiet Fourth

The Summer School of Catholic Action of Madonna House will open its doors this year on July 4th. HAVE YOU MADE YOUR RESERVATION? If not, please do soon. The fifth week, dedicated to parents and children, and to the RESTORATION OF THE HOME TO CHRIST, is already filled. Reservation started to come in last January. But there are still the other four weeks. With interesting themes — THE MASS LIVED . . . THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST IN ACTION . . . OUR LADY, THE GATE TO GOD . . . THE SOCIAL APOSTOLATE. Twenty dollars a week. Room, board, and tuition. Why not write for our prospectus . . . WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME?

How we wish we had enough money to build a huge kitchen, and enough cabins to accommodate more visitors! For the last two years we have refused many because of lack of space. We have placed our Summer School of Catholic Action and its Building Fund in the hands of the Divine Infant and His foster father, Joseph the Carpenter. Both have many clients. Perhaps you would like to help them to help us? They are wondrous Carpenters, these two. BUT BOTH WERE POOR, AS WE ARE POOR, WHEN CHRIST WAS A CHILD LEARNING THE CARPENTRY TRADE. SO . . . IF YOU WANT TO HELP THEM . . . TO HELP US . . . MAKE OUT YOUR CHECKS TO MADONNA HOUSE (marking it "building fund"). We feel sure both will bless you abundantly in return.

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

good to me! We talked way into the night. She shepherded me through the maze of train-changing, and food-ordering. In Rome she was always trying to help me, in the thousand ways a sister

helps a sister.

Because of her, her explanations, and her never-ending courtesy, I learned much more than I would have, had I not met her. Partly because of her, Madonna House today is vitally interested in Secular Institutes. I never asked if her group belonged to them or not, or had asked to be approved as such. All I know is that she showed me, so well, what total consecration was . . . what single-mindedness was . . . what an undivided heart offered the Lord could be and do.

I knew it before. Academically, in a way. Now I saw dedication complete, total, without reserve of any kind, burning steadily before my eyes, in the person of a short stoutish woman whose eyes reflected God's because they reflected love.

Two Promises

My loneliness in the apostolate fell from me like a cloak. My thirsty heart drank deeply at the fountain of one who had known much sorrow and many misunderstandings. My load of these was lightened. And I was rested and refreshed in her company.

She promised to come and see us in Combermere. I promised I would go to see her whenever I could, in Chicago, Brussels, or elsewhere.

She never came. I never went. We never met again. We never shall, on this earth. For, on February 13th, Sexagesima Sunday, as we were getting ready to enter the Passion of Christ, she entered His Easter! The plane she took from Brussels to Rome crashed that day.

I had met her accidentally, known her only for fourteen or fifteen days of my life. But I loved her, because she was all the things an apostle of God should be.

Dear friend of a swaying and shaking train . . . thank you for giving me of your Faith, your strength, and your love. Pray for me . . . pray for us . . . before the Face of Him you loved so much and served so well. How joyous must the children of your spirit be these days, to have so powerful an intercessor in heaven! May they always follow in your footsteps. And may their love and friendship embrace all souls, even unto strangers on strange trains.

Will You Watch One Hour With Christ?

"Like an avalanche, hundreds of Catholics are sweeping the country with their prayers of reparation — all done at night, sacrificing one hour of their sleep once monthly or oftener to make reparation to the Sacred Heart for evils performed during that night. In the quiet of the night, over 200,000 night adorers convert their rooms into sanctuaries for the Sacred Heart. Prisoners read their prayers on bended knee by the dim light of corridor illumination, old persons bent over with arthritis sit before a statue of the Sacred Heart watching with Him for an hour or more and whole families awaken each other for an all-night vigil."

So says an article sent to Restoration by the National Center of Enthronement, Brookland, Washington, D. (Continued on Page Four)

The Alms Of Words

By Catherine Doherty

THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH AND DWELT AMONG US . . . The Uncreated became Man, for the love of us . . . The WORD OF GOD . . . walks among us . . . and yet millions "know Him not" in our dark and fear-some days . . . though on our knowing Him and loving Him depends not only the fate of our own living world and its civilization but also our "death or life eternal."

IT IS THEREFORE THE ACCEPTABLE TIME FOR US, THE CHILDREN OF HIS LIGHT AND LOVE, TO MAKE HIM KNOWN.

Something We All Own

Many are the ways we can do this. None is simpler, more direct, than through alms-giving. Not only of gold and silver. Some may not have any. Not only of food or clothing. Not all may know where to seek those in need. But the ALMS OF WORDS, which are needed by all at some time, and by many at all times.

All of us possess these alms. All can give them always, everywhere. And the need for them in EVERYWHERE.

But, like all other alms, words must be given lovingly, gently, thoughtfully. To be able to dispense the alms of words, one must be one with THE WORD; be on the way to dying to self and living in Him; see with His gentle eyes; think with His clear-sighted mind; love with His burning heart — or at least endeavor to.

For alms given without love, without compassion or gracious pity or deep understanding, bring hurt and pain, and do more damage than even indifference and coldness. Somehow they prostitute the very act of giving.

Souls In Dire Need

But when, watchful and alert in the cause of Christ, we see our neighbors as He would see them, love will give us understanding, and allow us to read the signs of hungry minds, numbed hearts, frightened and lonely souls, and broken bodies. Going even deeper, we may hear the symphonies of pain and hurt, fear, and near-despair that life and the Prince of Evil play, with endless variations, on the strings of men's emotions.

Everywhere and anywhere, the ministry of love, of giving the alms of our words, can be exercised.

Do you see that child, lonely and sad? Have you a moment to spare, to give him the alms of a few little words? They will bring light into a darkness that should not be there. Making friends with a lonely child, a lost child, an unloved child, be he poor or rich, is to bring Christ to him. Take the child into your heart. Those who do . . . the Word has said . . . take Christ into their hearts. And surely He will reverse the process in eternity . . . will take you into His heart!

And How Are You?

Do our eyes really see? Are we not blind to the thousands of little things that exist in our own family? Father is a little grayer, a little more worried, a bit more silent. Mother is tender, often with eyes that



speak of tears shed in hiding. Sister or brother is sharper, thinner, less pleasant, more inward-drawn. Maybe this is the beginning of tragedies . . . as yet to be.

Is our love watchful, vigilant, ready to give the alms of gentle words spoken in time — key words that may open a closing door? A gate may be opened too, allowing light and love to flood the depths of minds beginning to doubt love's very existence.

Are we sold on being "our brother's keeper"? Do we understand how far and how deep this "keeping" goes? Business associates, friends, fellow workers, strangers who cross our paths now and then, the whole of our day-by-day work-a-day world . . . ALL ARE OUR BROTHERS . . . whom we must "keep and cherish in the Lord."

A smile, and maybe a word about the weather given to an ill-clad poor person in a public conveyance, for instance, a Negro, an Asiatic, a stranger within our gates, might mean the difference between his hatred of all we stand for, and all God is, and the opposite.

Words Can Be Rich

Clearly enunciated words, spoken slowly, lovingly, with a smile of encouragement, are rich alms given "foreigners" who are still shy with our language. Here again the alms of our words can change the fate of our Nation. For this stammering shy alien, who barely speaks English, may tomorrow become the leader of hate and revolt, and may do untold damage to minds, souls, and bodies — all because NO ONE TOOK TIME TO GIVE THE ALMS OF GENTLE UNDERSTANDING WORDS WHEN THESE WERE FOOD AND DRINK TO A THIRSTY AND HUNGRY STRANGER.

The sick may be tiresome, at times, in their self-centeredness, in their urgency to take us through every step of their domain of loneliness and pain via their halting, rambling, repetitious speech. How are we to console them; bring them back to the realms of God's light and love, show them the treasures that can save worlds of souls everywhere? If only they offer that loneliness, these pains, to Mary the treasurer of God! But how else, but through the alms of our comforting words, our patient, interested, unflagging care, can they learn the importance of offering her these goods?

Words Can Be Oils

The forgotten, the un- (Continued on Page Four)

ALMS OF WORDS

(Continued from Page Three)

wanted, the lost . . . the rambling alcoholic, the neurotic, the borderline "psychos" — would they be what they are if someone had given them the alms of words when those were so desperately needed? What about them? Words of love, understanding compassion, patience, help, are to them oils that soothe burning wounds of exhausted minds. They are cool waters that quench the thirst that almost kills them. They are food that nourishes a starvation resembling that found in concentration camps.

Words are often, to them, also keys that open prison doors.

And they are so easy to give . . . yet so often withheld.

The old . . . the unwanted . . . with their senile ramblings . . . their ugly childishness, their tempers and their hungry loneliness — to them, alms of kind warm words are like a mother's lullaby; bringing peace and joy into joylessness and unpeace; making crooked ways straight; making them feel wanted and loved again.



What About Bums?

The pariahs of our modern world, the "bums," the panhandlers, the prostitutes, the slatterns, and those in prison — young, middle-aged, or old, men or women — what about them? Who has the time and the courage to give them the alms of words; or the courtesy of an attentive silence?

Everywhere, at all times, night and day, men cry out for the alms of words. They cry silently. Like dumb folks. At time they do not even know what they cry for. Yes they do know that they are desperately hungry and thirsty for love and friendship.

BUT LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP, ITS FLOWER, ARE GOD . . . FOR GOD IS LOVE . . . AND GOD IS THE WORD . . . AND HE BECAME FLESH . . . CLOTHED HIMSELF IN IT FOR LOVE OF US!

LET US THEN SHOW HIM TO OUR BROTHERS . . . IN OUR LOVE FOR THEM . . . EXPRESSED IN THE THOUSAND WAYS OF LOVE'S INGENUITY . . . BUT ESPECIALLY IN THE ALMS OF LOVING WORDS!

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

what he has accomplished in the eighteen years he has been in Cuba.

His name, incidentally, is Fr. Lawrence Spirali, and he is known as the "Don John Bosco of Havana." He has built six great churches in his adopted city, one tremendous university — Santo Tomas de Villanueva — and a clinic for the poor people of the vicinity, which I am sure, has no equal in the world.

He has begged more than \$5,000,000 in those eighteen years, and has spent every penny of it on buildings meant to show the love of God for man, man's love for God, and man's love for man.

The clinic in the parish of San Lorenzo, my brother Lorenzo said, cost something over half a million dollars. The equipment in it is valued at over \$300,000.

All For The Poor

"When I came to this parish," he said, "it was full of communists. There wasn't a real practicing Catholic within miles. I built the clinic. I let everybody know it was free. They came. They were treated, helped, sent away happy. There has never been a collection taken up in the church. There has never been any money paid for services; and the services are of all kinds, including X-ray examinations, shock treatments, complete dental care, and anything else you can think of. We have sixty-nine doctors on our staff, and they are happy to work for these poor people for nothing. I can't say how many nurses help us; nor how many nuns. But we have work for them all. Incidentally, now you won't find a communist within miles; and all these people are fervent Catholics.

"If you take care of the poor, God takes care of you. That's why we are able to beg so much money for our needs."

The clinic isn't complete, my brother said. It will have a day nursery as soon as possible. And when sufficient funds have been found to start it, a hospital will be erected here.

Don't Kill Your Baby!

"I got the idea of the day nursery," he said, "thinking about our unfortunate girls. We preach birth control and all that. But we don't do anything except preach. I mean we do nothing practical. So I have devised a slogan. 'Don't kill your baby; let us take care of it.' No woman need commit abortion now, or stoop to birth-prevention. We can and will take care of all the children. God bless them!"

My friend from New York, who accompanied me away from the swimming pool to see the churches and the clinic and the university my

brother had begged and built — and back to the pool again — wondered if such a busy priest had time to pray. My brother laughed at that.

"You know what St. Augustine says? He says that prayer is man's strength, and God's weakness. Isn't that a terrific thought? Your strength and His weakness! And— don't you think I need all the strength I can get?"

I Need Strength Too

I came away from Havana feeling wonderful. I wished I could teach Judo like my brother Andrew. I used to be a boxer, but I never could throw anybody over my shoulder, nor off my hip — and I haven't boxed anybody in forty years.

And I wished I could beg like my brother Lorenzo. Then Madonna House, Combermere, might vie with San Lorenzo, Havana.

We have three "free" nurses here — and it took years to obtain them — but we have no regular "free" doctor.

Sixty-nine, my brother Lorenzo has, every one of them eager to serve; and some of them always in attendance! I need Andrew's physical strength — and perhaps I took a little of it home with me — and Lorenzo's spiritual strength. I have, like Lorenzo, devised a slogan for myself. "Lord, teach me how to beg and work like my adopted brother! And how to attain the gusto of my brother-in-law in helping the destitute and the afflicted."

ARCHBISHOP'S BLESSING

(Continued from Page One)

have offered to help raise funds for our project. Members of both groups have volunteered their services when needed. One gracious lady, apart from being willing and anxious to help in this work for God, has already donated office furniture and a typewriter. People have been kind, and I should like to thank them here for all their goodness.

After Two Months

But as I said earlier, it is hard to write this article, for after two months sojourn here, nothing yet seems to have been accomplished.

After one month of searching — walking the streets — I was able to locate a lot a block away from the present site of the house. The lot was found on the Feast of the Purification, February 2nd. Three weeks later, I received word from the city that permission to move the house had been refused. There was nothing left to do, of course, but begin over again. But then, they say, beginnings are good.

Pray for us, dear friends in Christ and Mary, that we may soon locate Marian Center.

YUKON ALL-YEAR

(Continued from Page One)

ingly call "Ma Mere," and Sr. Ernest. There is also one Oblate, Brother Mercier. They take care of the church, cooking, sewing, laundry, and the hundred other things that need doing every day. Many of the missionaries from out of town bring their laundry and mending for the sisters to do — and so year in and year out their days are spent in serving "Other Christs."

The Sisters of Providence in Whitehorse have a Residential and Day School for all the Catholic children of this area. One day I visited a home in which the parents were non-Catholics — but their children were all Catholics attending the Cathedral School. At present, preparations are being made for the construction of a new separate school in Whitehorse.

An Indian School

At Lower Post, British Columbia, about three hundred miles south-east of Whitehorse, there is a large Residential School for Indian Children. Fr. A. Fleury is the Principal. Assisting him are Fr. Arsenault, seven Sisters of St. Ann, and three Oblate Brothers. The school was opened in October, 1951, and today houses nearly one hundred and forty children who come from all over the Vicariate, especially from the missions where the Faith of recent converts is endangered by association with non-Catholic sects.

In the past two weeks we have had several children from the Lower Post School in our hostel. They had come into town for medical check-ups and spent a few days with us while they waited for the homeward bus. We, who had spent a couple of months visiting Indian homes and had seen all kinds of conditions were truly amazed at the marvellous work being done at this school.

In addition to being taught religion, the three R's, cleanliness, order, good house-keeping, obedience, proper hygiene and courtesy, the girls are taught cooking and sewing and I'm sure there

are crafts for the boys.

The children are gay, talkative, love dancing and outdoor sports. What impressed me most was hearing them join in Missa Recitata the morning Fr. Fleury offered Mass in our chapel. Only those who have spent years training Indian children will appreciate what the good religious at Lower Post are doing for these children, and incidentally for the future of the Catholic missions in this country.

The Catholic Church has made deep inroads into the North; and we pray that the tiny seeds planted by the missionary priests, sisters, and brothers, may fall on good ground and increase and multiply.

WILL YOU WATCH ONE

(Continued from Page Three)

C. It continues, in part:

"A young bride in a Virginia town turns off her jangling alarm clock at 4:30 a.m., once monthly and watches for one hour with the Sacred Heart. She then rushes off to work at 6 a.m. An entire family of 21 members determined to return a hopeless demented child from the asylum. Night Adoration at home was the answer. For several days, the family aroused each other to spend one hour of prayer before a picture of the Sacred Heart. Before the devotion had gone one month, the girl was home with her family, normal and prepared to join the night adorers. Another woman, expecting a child, was warned that the birth would be doubtful. The expectant mother spent the hour from 10 to 11, and gave birth to a healthy, normal child.

"A night adorer died suddenly in Rochester, N.Y., the result of a home accident. He had convulsions and died on the day chosen by him and his wife for their hour of adoration."

Inquiries and requests for enrollment should be addressed to National Center of Enthronement —(M)—

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